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CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. AND FRANCIS ROSS, FORMERLY SOLE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

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THE LINEN DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,
VOL. II.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,
C

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XXVIII.—THE LINEN DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

Our picture exhibits what Hood, with his verbal felicity, designates "counter irritation." It acts in two ways. The cool, quiet, self-possessed (shall we say impudent?) lady, who can order roll after roll to be unrolled, and pattern after pattern to be exhibited, and then walks off with a sixpennyworth, is unquestionably a provoking customer. No wonder that Mr. Assistant sends after her a subdued anathema. But then he is amply compensated, when he gets hold of a nice easily persuaded fairy, over whom his spells and blandishments act with the power of fascination, until her purse is emptied into the draper's drawer. "Any thing else, Ma'am—just permit me to show you—it is exceedingly beautiful—quite new—it is perfectly charming—permit me, Ma'am." Permit you, Mr. Assistant? Are you going to rob the lady? She only entered your shop for a pair of gloves, and here you are sending her home two new dresses, a shawl, a scarf, half a dozen pair silk stockings, &c. enough to start a bride into church, or stock a village shop in a small way.

It is perfectly astounding to think what a host of young men are now training up, in the United Kingdom, to act as decoy ducks and lady traps. People may despise a tailor: but a tailor belongs to a more ancient fraternity than the freemasons; whereas a Draper's Assistant is a mere modern invention, a mushroom of modern civilisation. We do declare that we would sooner by far be a tailor than a Draper's Assistant. We are perfectly aware that there are not a few intelligent young men amongst the host of youths who call themselves Drapers' Assistants. But the profession is an unmanly one. To be immured in a draper's barracks—to be obliged to dress like a puppy at a raree show—to spend the day, under the severe eye of Mr. Shopwalker, wheedling, coaxing, persuading, and entrapping—oh, it is a pitiful occupation for a manly mind! In fact, the office of Draper's Assistant is a *female* one, and should only be occupied by a female—but here lies the secret. Females cannot persuade their own sex so successfully as a young man whose hair is glistening with Macassar oil, his "fair white neckerchief" wound in ample folds round his neck, his vest of a magnificent pattern, and his face dimpled and wreathed with smiles. *Manly* ladies despise all this: but the greater portion of ladies are not *manly*; and the proud damsel who would shrink with perfect horror at the idea of a Draper's Assistant making love to her, nevertheless is easier persuaded to enlarge her stock of purchases, when the persuasion is addressed to her by a young man, than by a young woman. The same rule is observed in all those places where men are the purchasers. At the counter of a bazaar a young woman will sell more than a young man; and the exquisite, sauntering into a pastry cook's,

who would only eat one tart, if served by Mr. Batch in his nightcap, will eat two, when they are handed to him by a pretty girl!

ON FEMALE CHARACTER.*

However we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

SHAKESPEARE.

It is only when nations, emerging from a state of barbarism to civilisation and refinement, begin to cultivate the peaceful arts of life, that woman attains her true position in society, and exerts so beneficial an influence over it by the gentle purity of her character. In illustration of this, we need only point to those countries where the chains of slavery, and the trammels of superstition, render her merely the instrument of man's tyranny, or the object of administering to his passions. There, so long as she remains in her degraded position, the light of civilisation can make but little progress; whereas in those countries where she is recognised in her pristine rights, civilisation advances in the same ratio as her character is allowed its full development, and her virtues truly appreciated.

If woman possesses such an influence over society, it may not be void of interest to inquire by what peculiar formation of character she has gained this ascendancy; and to arrive at any just appreciation of her distinctive merits, we should require to contrast her character with that of man's.

In her intellectual powers, woman is not so much characterised by that solidity of understanding and depth of thought, which it is the boast of man more particularly to enjoy; but if she yield the palm of superiority to him in sublimity of genius, and the power of philosophical research, she gains the ascendancy over him in acuteness of perception—readiness of expression, and a more intimate knowledge of the human heart. Her peculiar avocations require that the more gentle and graceful attributes of mind, should receive the most attention at her hands; and accordingly we find that gentleness in mind and manner is so much her distinctive trait, that in it she appears in greater contrast to her companion, man, than in any other.

The formation of mind in woman, does not lead her to an abstruse study of philosophy and science;—it does not teach her to roam through the wide fields of reason, displaying to the eyes of the less gifted any great or truly sublime effort of thought; but it leads her to mental pursuits more in unison with her moral feelings and actions. In short, her intellectual character is more portrayed in the pleasures, the cares, the trials and adversities of everyday life, than in exercising her powers in literature, science, or art, to make for herself a name in their glittering horizon, or

"Climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

Let it not be thought, however, that woman is incapable of soaring in the bright sky of genius—that her mental powers are fitted only for instruction and not to instruct—for often has her name shone in the firmament of literature. Her name is enrolled among the gifted of the earth, and who that hath listened to "the tale so aptly told," and

* This communication is, we believe, the production of a young man, which will account for some defects which may be observed in the diction—defects which are only to be obviated by experience in composition.—ED.

marked the feelings so forcibly delineated by the female pen, does not acknowledge that her mental powers are of no mean order, and her capabilities worthy of praise?

The distinguishing traits of female intellect are a lively perception, and luxuriant fancy—a greater aptitude to portray the feelings of the human heart, along with a graceful and natural expression, which are more rarely met with in the productions of the opposite sex. Her imagination is indeed rich and fertile, and over the fair scenes of fancy and fiction, in which revels she carries us onward with admiration and delight, throwing as it were a portion of her own loveliness over the creations of her fancy. And who but a woman could strike the poetic lyre with such rapturous feeling—such noble devotedness of soul—such sweet breathing strains of love as are apparent in the productions of the gifted of her sex? In her intellectual productions she may not attain the height of sublimity, nor display any great profundity of thought; but in the humbler walks of knowledge, where the faculties of fancy and liveliness of expression are requisite, she shines unrivalled.

It is not, however, so much in her intellectual character, that woman stands forth in contrast to man, as in her moral—where her finer sensibilities and more refined feelings, give her nature a gentleness and purity suiting well with her station and her pursuits. It is in her moral character that she gains so great an ascendancy over man in his feelings and actions; for however unwilling he may be to bend before her intellectual powers, he cannot resist and be proof against

“those graceful acts,

Those thousand decencies that daily flow

From all her words and actions mixed with love,”

and which often shed over the too stern realities of life the sunshine of gladness and glee.

In her moral character, woman is chiefly distinguished by the strength of her natural affections, and a certain purity of feeling and sentiment which prevades her every action. The constitution of her mind leads her to seek for happiness in the participation with others, of those feelings of love and affection with which she is so liberally endowed; and in doing so, she displays so much gentleness of character, and virtue of conduct, that the more pure and virtuous feelings of man's nature are fostered and encouraged by her example. But while the virtuous female, by the native modesty of her character, makes vice to appear abhorrent, and virtue seem more lovely, the kindness of her heart and disposition, lavished on the objects of her affection, endears her to all who can appreciate the happiness of social life.

In the privacy of the domestic circle, the good and virtuous female shines in her native purity. In the discharge of the various duties of her station, she is alike distinguished by her patient endurance of adversity, and her cheerful enjoyment of prosperity. In the one, her love and patience are severely tested; and while the hand of affliction lies heavy upon her, the enduring nature of her courage enables her to withstand its shock, and administer comfort to the companions of her misfortune; while in the other, the spontaneous kindness of her heart finds vent in a thousand little acts of love, and the amiability of her manners and conversation enlivens the scene of her domestic duties.

In her every station of life, so long as Christianity and virtue are the stars which direct her course, woman, by her gentleness, modesty, and moral worth, is entitled to admiration and esteem. As a daughter, we are led to admire her filial affection, which prompts to offices of love, and which if need be, would lead her to sacrifice comfort and enjoyment for the sake of her parents. Hers is a love

that bears no selfishness; a devotion that can sacrifice; a hope that can comfort; and a courage that can sustain. How beautiful her character in the first sunshine of her early years, when

“Silent and chaste, she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng,
With gentle, yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes.”

In the first bright years of womanhood she enters on the world's attractive scenes, enjoying present pleasure, and her heart buoyed up with hope's fair visions, and then she gains admiration by the beauty of her person, or the amiability of her temper. But the love which then swells her bosom can only be felt in its full force and purity, when years, perhaps of hardship and toil, have passed away—when the bright dreams of youth have faded, and she, the fond confiding girl, has become a wife and a mother. Love then becomes an abiding duty, which prosperity cannot alter, nor adversity diminish.

It is when viewing her in the light of a wife and a mother, that we become so enamoured of her character; when beholding her fulfilling the duties of her station with kindness and amiability, that we perceive the fount from whence her power and influence rise. In the privacy of the domestic circle she reigns the queen of home, where surrounded with the objects of her love and affection, she bestows on them her unwearied attention and unceasing care. But while thus gaining the love and reverence of her children, she instils into their minds the principles of Christianity and virtue; and while regulating their forming tempers, she fits them to adorn their station in society, with benefit to themselves and honour to the world.

Although woman principally rests for her strength of character on the purity and intensity of her affections, she is also distinguished by the virtues of self-denial, generosity, charity, and compassion. Although imbued to a certain extent with selfishness, it does not constitute a prominent feeling of her nature. She is generally ready to sacrifice her feeling of self-interest, if by so doing she can promote the welfare of those with whom she is connected. And not only so, but should occasion require, she is even prepared to undergo hardship and toil, and use her every exertion for the benefit of others. It is this noble virtue of self-denial, conjoined to gentleness, that tends to elevate her character, and in the hour of adversity and danger, to give her an enduring fortitude capable of withstanding life's trials.

Her feelings of sympathy and compassion are easily awakened, and the tale of suffering and distress finds ever a ready echo in her bosom, and an earnest wish to alleviate the miseries of misfortune. Her kindness of heart imparts a peculiar sympathy to her nature; and while the tear of pity may dim her fair eye, or the sigh of compassion escape her bosom, she is ever actuated by a sincere desire to relieve distress, or use the language of consolation to those with whom the kindest feelings of her heart so ardently sympathise.

There is no more beautiful trait of woman's character, than when she displays the Christian virtue of charity; when surrounded with the means of dispensing good to her fellow-creatures, she throws aside the pride of station, and while visiting the abodes of poverty, bestows some portion of her wealth in satisfying the calls of hunger, or relieving the necessities of the poor and wretched. Then, as she enters their humble and cheerless abodes, her heart wrung with the sight of suffering and hopeless misery, her kind manner and words of consolation enliven many a sinking heart, whilst the earnest prayer of thankful gratitude is

warmly breathed for her, who in thus dispensing her charity, can do so with so much kindness of heart and sympathy of feeling.

But above all is woman distinguished for her patient gentleness in the dark hour of sickness and affliction. To those who would deem her fitted only for the frivolities and gaiety of fashionable life, or the petty gossiping of vulgar scandal, we would only say, view her in the more unobtrusive walks of life, when sickness has laid its fevered hand on some object of her affection, and watch her unwearied attention and unceasing kindness then, and her character will appear more worthy of regard. As she bends over the sick bed of her husband, child, or relative, she strives to soothe the pain of the sufferer by every delicate attention and deed of kindness; and as she watches by the lonesome bed of death, and feels that soon the object of her care must "sleep the sleep that knows not breaking," who may tell the bitter grief and anguish of her soul? Well might the poet apostrophise her, and exclaim

"When pain and sickness rend the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

It is then that the gentle purity of woman's character appears to most advantage; and as she glides around the bed of suffering, she performs those gentle acts of kindness which win the regard, and melt the heart of man. Then "her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman," and her words are those of consolation and comfort, while her deeds are those of long-suffering and patient kindness.

In thus briefly noticing the characteristics of woman, we cannot fail to perceive that in her station in society, she exerts a powerful influence for its welfare or otherwise, according as she is swayed by the feelings of virtue or vice. So long as she perseveres in the pursuit of virtue, she exercises a beneficial influence by promoting and encouraging the best sympathies of the human heart. The comparative moral purity of her own nature renders virtue her delight; and while in the hours of prosperity, she is qualified to throw the charms of her gentleness over the domestic hearth, she is no less fitted to bear patiently and cheerfully the hardships of poverty or misfortune. Whatever be her lot, whatever station Providence has assigned her—whether one of comparative comfort, or hardship and toil, the gentle, yet enduring nature of her moral character, gives her a peculiar influence over the happiness of those with whom she is connected. Her

"love is oft a light to virtue's path;
It dawns,—and with'ring passions die away,
Low raptures fade, pure feelings blossom forth,
And that which wisdom's philosophic beam
Could never from the wintry heart awake,
By love is smiled into celestial birth!"

If woman, therefore, by her strict adherence to virtue, can thus awake such feelings in the heart of man, great is her responsibility, when descending from her high and noble station, she becomes tainted with vice, and spreads around her its never failing accompaniments of ruin, wretchedness, and misery.

As a mother, her responsibility is peculiarly great; for as she bends in fond affection over her children, hers is the pleasing task to instil into their infant minds the first great principles of Christianity and virtue; and who like a mother is formed for discharging such noble duties,—or who like her can impress on the opening mind the sublime lessons of truth? In after years, the remembrance of those infant hours thus spent beneath a mother's tuition, may warn from many an evil temptation and scene of guilt. Indeed, so great is the influence of woman in forming the principles of her children, that according as

she instils the principles of virtue, or allows vice to contaminate their minds in early youth, so in all probability will they be distinguished in after years, for virtuous conduct, or evil inclinations.

THE CHANCES OF LOTTERIES.

To those who are regardless of dust, rain, and heat, and to whom broken legs and arms are every-day incidents, the outside of a coach is, no doubt, more agreeable than the inside; but to those who were born when the insides of carriages were considered the better places, and in which a man is secured against the sudden and frequent changes of our extraordinary climate, the right hand corner facing the horses seems to be no uncomfortable position. In such a corner was Saville deposited, when the Rocket darted forwards on the high road to Portsmouth.

And what road is fuller of interest to thousands of our fellow-subjects? It is one of the great paths of our nation which leads the anxious merchant to his foreign store, the seaman to his fearful trade, and on which the devoted lover journeys from his anxious mistress, and the faithful husband from his constant wife. Along that road has many a noble soldier travelled, to whom there has been no return; along that road the British sailor has often sped to victory or death. It does not strike the ordinary run of admirers of well-appointed public carriages, who stand and praise the neat "turn-out," and the "well-bred cattle" of these Portsmouth coaches, what interest for others hangs upon their wheels; nor as they roll along the level ground, does the casual observer think what feelings, what hopes, what fears, what doubts, what anticipations, and what regrets, are pent within their panels.

In the coach with Saville were three other passengers—the full allowance: two were friends; the third, like Saville himself, was an independent, isolated traveller. What he was, or what was the object of his journey, of course remained within his own bosom. Of the other two, one was a partner in a mercantile house at the Cape of Good Hope, where he had never been, and the other, one who had recently arrived from that fine colony, and had succeeded in persuading his companion to go out, as Southey says the devil did, when he visited his "snug little farm, the earth," in order

"—to see how his stock went on."

The experienced voyager, the active speculator, was all alive and in excellent spirits,—full of jest, and glee, and gaiety; to him the trees looked green and the sun shone bright, and not a word could be spoken, nor an incident occur, that he did not turn to jest and merriment. Not so his companion: he was grave and pale, and July as it was, wore tight blue worsted pantaloons and Hessian boots. He spoke little, but sighed much, complained of the heat in murmured accents, and for want of other conversation augured rain and thunder;—he dozed a little, and then needlessly apologised to his companions for what he thought unseemly conduct, by telling them that he had been married eleven years; that he had never been apart from his wife and children one whole day since his marriage; and that he had, at the persuasion of his excellent friend, resolved to undertake a voyage to Africa, upon business, although he had never before been at sea, or even beheld it, except from the Steyne at Brighton, or the pier at Margate. "I slept little last night," said he, "I am not used to partings, and it has been a sad morning for me, gentlemen."

The appeal was uncalled for; but having been made, it was received by the stranger travellers with courtesy

and sympathy; it was met with a horse laugh by his friend, who, being a bachelor, on his return to what he had established as his home in Cape Town, wondered how any man could be so silly as to waste a thought or a sigh upon an affectionate wife and seven children, and a country like England, when he was travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour towards Africa, and the detection of a pilfering partner.

Charles's feelings were just in a fit state to sympathize with this "parted husband," but even his commiseration seemed light by comparison with that of the fourth passenger, whose melancholy appeared to increase with the distance from London. To Saville, the general disposition to silence (with the exception of the Cape Town winkle keeper) was particularly agreeable; and while his eyes remained unconsciously fixed upon the houses and hedges that seemed to dance by the rapidly moving coach, his thoughts remained fixed upon Harriet, while amidst the measured rumble of the wheels, he fancied he could trace the melody of the air "she loved so much to sing."

After a transient refreshment the party seemed more familiarized to each other, and even Saville himself condescended from his stilts and joined in the conversation; the melancholy man in the corner unbent his brow, and added his mite to the verbal contribution of his companions, till at length the subject of lotteries was started by the winkle keeper, who declared an opinion that nobody ever got a prize.

This statement was stoutly contradicted by the melancholy man, who seemed to derive a vast reinforcement of animation from the subject: he enumerated dukes, members of parliament, Hampshire squires, Bloomsbury attorneys, and Pall Mall pastry-cooks, who had, all to his own knowledge, been splendidly and suddenly enriched by the acquisition of large sums. "Indeed, sir," added he, "even I myself might have been worth thirty thousand pounds more than I am at this moment, by the same means, if it had not been for an accidental circumstance over which I had no control."

"What might that have been?" said the winkle man, "choosing the wrong number, perhaps?"

"Not so, sir," said the melancholy gentleman, his countenance at the same moment assuming an expression rather of "anger than of sorrow;" "I did choose the right number—bought it—brought it home—and had it in my library table drawer, but—"

"It was stolen, perhaps, sir?" said the winkle man's friend, in a piteous tone.

"No, sir, not that. I had it—it was mine—it was in the days when the lotteries lasted a month, and tickets rose in value as they continued undrawn. I went into the city on business—a friend, who knew of my ticket, called in my absence—offered my wife a hundred and twenty guineas for it—she knew that it had cost me but five-and-twenty,—sold it him—all for my good, poor soul—she's in heaven now, sir—it's no use scolding about it—it won't bring it back—and the very same afternoon it came up a thirty thousand pound prize!"

A general exclamation of horror followed the announcement.

"And now, sir," continued the gentleman, "as I walk along the streets in wet weather, because I cannot afford a hackney coach, my friend Dodman, the lucky purchaser, dashes by in his carriage, and splashes me with mud. He lives in a house which I had all my life an anxiety to possess; and has refused his consent to his son's marrying my daughter, on the plea of her poverty."

It was evident the melancholy gentleman felt the circumstances keenly.

"Well," said Saville, "I don't think I could have survived such a thing."

"Only conceive, sir," said the gentleman, seeming to delight in aggravating all the miseries of his loss,—“only conceive my coming home out of the city—having seen my number placarded at Cornhill as the prize—having compared it with a memorandum in my pocket-book,—having bought a necklace and pair of earrings for my wife upon the strength of it—and finding, upon my arrival, that she had sold my thirty thousand pounds, which I was sure was in my pocket, to a man I hated, for one hundred and twenty guineas, which she exultingly exhibited, and which, with thirty-five more, went to pay for the jewels I had brought her home."

"I could not have stood that," said the winkle man.

"Nor I," said the weeping husband.

"I," said Saville, "should have cut my throat."

"So I did, sir!" said the melancholy gentleman, "and here are the marks where it was sewn up!"—exhibiting, at the same moment, a huge scar right across the windpipe.

To describe the sudden coil-up of the three listeners, when the narrator of his own misfortunes made this disclosure, would be impossible;—in a moment they unanimously construed all his previous observations and remarks into symptoms of his yet latent malady; and never were rightly at their ease until they were blessed with the sight of his back, as he descended the steps of the coach at the door of the Dolphin, at Petersfield.—*Theodore Hook.*

AMERICAN PHRASEOLOGY.

As for the peculiarities of language, of which so much has been made, I am a bad judge; but the fact is, I should have passed through the country almost without observing any, if my attention had not been previously directed to them. Next to the well-known use of the word "*sick*" instead of "*ill*," (in which they are undoubtedly right,) none struck me so much as the few following. They use the word "*handsome*" much more extensively than we do: saying that Webster made a handsome speech in the senate: that a lady talks handsomely (eloquently): that a book sells handsomely. A gentleman asked me on the Catskill mountain, whether I thought the sun handsomer there than at New York. When they speak of a fine woman, they refer to mental or moral, not at all to physical superiority. The effect was strange, after being told here and there that I was about to see a very fine woman, to meet in such cases almost the only plain woman I saw in the country.

Another curious circumstance is, that this is almost the only connexion in which the word *woman* is used. This noble word, spirit-stirring as it passes over English ears, is in America banished, and "*ladies*" and "*females*" substituted; the one to English taste mawkish and vulgar: the other distinctive and gross. So much for difference of taste. The effect is odd. After leaving the men's wards of the prison at Nashville, Tennessee, I asked the warden whether he would not let me see the women. "We have no *ladies* here at present, madam. We have never had but *two ladies* here, who were convicted for stealing a beef-steak; but, as it appeared that they were deserted by their husbands, and in want, they were pardoned."—A lecturer discoursing on the characteristics of women, is said to have expressed himself thus:—"Who were last at the cross? *Ladies*. Who were first at the sepulchre? *Ladies*." A few other ludicrous expressions took me by surprise occasionally. A gentleman in the west, who had been discussing monarchy and republicanism in a somewhat original way, asked me if I would *swap* my king for his? We were often told that it was a "*dreadful fine day*;" and a girl at

an hotel pronounced my trumpet to be "terribly handy." In the back of Virginia these superlative expressions are most rife. A man who was extremely ill, in agonizing pain, sent for a friend to come to him. Before the friend arrived, the pain was relieved, but the patient felt much reduced by it. "How do you find yourself?" inquired the friend. "Why," answered he, "I'm powerful weak; but cruel easy."—*Society in America.*

AUTOGRAPHS AND NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—No. II.

IN resuming our series of autographs, our first three shall be those of the past, the present, and the proximate Prime Minister of England.

EARL GREY.

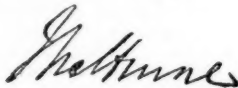
It will be seen that this noble earl writes a plain legible hand.



The noble earl is now rarely to be seen in his place in the House of Lords; we believe he was not in it once during the recent session. He lives retired in the bosom of his family. He is now in his seventy-fourth year.

LORD MELBOURNE.

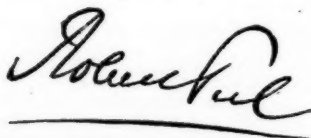
The present Prime Minister, as will be observed, occasionally omits the "O" in his autograph.



The noble viscount is a plain, jolly, country-looking man. He is in his fifty-eighth or fifty-ninth year.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

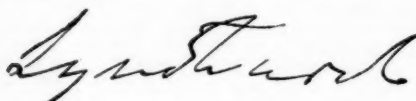
Here is the autograph of the "proximate" Prime Minister.



The right hon. baronet is a fine-looking man, tall in stature, and rather stoutly made. He appears to enjoy excellent health. He is a man of active habits, and in every respect able and willing to undergo the fatigues of the responsible situation which awaits him.

LORD LYNTHURST.

Here is the autograph of the man for whom the Lord Chancellorship is reserved, whenever the conservatives accede to office.



The noble and learned lord has looked rather unwell of late, which may account for his silence in his place in parliament during the recent session. He writes with great rapidity, and can boast a rather good hand. His lordship is now approaching his seventieth year.

LORD DENMAN.

The Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench is a plain man, and writes a very plain hand.



He is a man of robust constitution, independent mind, and consistent character as a politician. His age is about sixty.

A CHRONICLE OF STROOD.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

In thy goings to and fro upon the face of the earth, hast thou ever, O reader!—gentle or simple, as the case may be,—paid a visit to the ancient city of Rochester, or *Hroffeceaster*, as our Saxon forefathers were wont to term it? If so, thou hast doubtless crossed that fine old bridge which spanneth the *Medway*, now called *Medway*, either in the regular routine of thy journeying thence or therefrom, or for the purpose of obtaining from a different point, a view of that imposing relic of the feudal times,—that immense mass of indestructible masonry, the castle or *castrum*, which is, as antiquaries do tell us, one of the finest specimens of the Anglo-Norman style of architecture extant, a piece of information which may or may not be interesting to thee. And here, had we the gift, it would behove us to talk long and learnedly of outer and inner ballium, portcullis, and draw-bridge, donjon and turret of espionage, or keep and watch-tower, as the vulgar hath it, not to mention circular arches and zigzag mouldings, and a variety of other matters, signs, and symbols, whereby the initiated judgeth of the age of a building, with as much certainty as doth a horse-dealer that of the noble animal he designeth to buy or sell, by a careful examination of its teeth; naithless, we doubt not, that both may be at times deceived by false appearances; of these alack! the world is too full. But we digress.

Well then, we will take it for granted that thou hast visited Rochester;—that thou hast gazed upon the *domus bellicus* and *domus religiosus*, (castle and cathedral) thinking the while upon the Saxon bishop and architect Gundulph—upon the Norman priest and warrior, Odo of Bayeux, and confessing to thyself that there were indeed "giants in those days." That thou hast stood upon the *pons lapideus* (bridge of stone) erected at the joint expense of that renowned warrior Sir Robert Knolles, and the almost equally famous John de Cobham, and, after having sufficiently admired the stately proportions and colossal grandeur of the fortress before thee, not forgetting to cast a contemptuous glance on that toy-like erection of to-day, ycleped the bath-house, on which it looks proudly down as questioning the right of so puny a thing to intrude itself within those time-hallowed limits. After, we repeat, thou hast done this, and allowed thy gaze to rest awhile upon the *Medway*, gliding away between grassy slopes and tree-crowned hills, that invest it with their greenness, and seem rejoicing to be blessed by so beautiful a river,—thou hast turned, and intending to pay a visit to the ancient preceptory of the Templars, now converted into a farm house, hast wandered on, lost in a reverie, whereof the instability of

mortal greatness, and the delight afforded by a contemplation of the ineffable charms of nature, form the principal subjects. From thus communing with the inner man thou hast been somewhat unpleasantly aroused by a strong odour, not by any means resembling "the spicy gales of Araby the blest," acting upon those nerves which it is the wont and custom of medical practitioners to term the *olfactories*. Excited by this powerful effluvium, thou hast half unconsciously exclaimed with Trinculo, in a play called "the Tempest," writ by one William Shakspeare, "A very ancient and fish-like smell!" and looking up hast found thyself in that place, a great number of whose inhabitants follow the calling or avocation rendered honourable by its having been that of the Apostle Peter. Here thou hast doubtless observed, that the houses are not at all remarkable for regularity of size, or elegance of appearance, externally, though internally they may be, and, as in many cases we can vouch from personal experience, really are very comfortable and convenient domiciles, commanding from the back windows a delightful view of mud-banks, slimy pools and ditches, with other objects equally picturesque and pleasing. Thou hast also noted that the streets, or rather street, for there is but one, the diverging passages being only entitled to be called lanes or alleys, is bestrewn with piscatory remains, whereof the shells of a certain species of *Testacea*, commonly known by the designation of oyster, form the most considerable portion. This, reader, is Strood, or Stroud as some writers have it; and our reason for recalling this place of an unsavoury odour to thy recollection, is that we may relate a story told by Master Lambard in his "Perambulations of Kent," premising, however, that we shall not adhere strictly to the words of that most veracious peripatetic, but handle the matter after our own fashion, enlarging upon the circumstances, and throwing in such reflections as may be suggested to us thereby, even as it is the practice of cooks, by means of seasoning and spicing, to make a dainty mess of that which were otherwise dry and unsatisfying. May the dish we are about to serve up, prove acceptable to the palate of thy understanding, and, if we may be allowed to indulge in a gustative metaphor, mayst thou devour it with a relish!

It chanced upon a time, when the renowned Thomas a Becket had fallen into such disrepute with Henry II., as to be accounted an enemy to that monarch, as well as to the common weal, that he had occasion to pass through Strood on his way to Canterbury. Now it ever was, and we suppose it ever will be the fashion to "kick a lame dog," or, in more select parlance, to trample on the fallen; therefore, what should these amphibious mortals—these haulers of the net and casters of the line do, but hoot and revile this son of the Saracenic woman, to whom, on like occasions before, they had prostrated themselves with every outward sign of humility and devotion to the holy man who filled the highest offices in church and state. Lip-worship, how numerous are your votaries compared to that of the heart! Falsehood and deceit, how mighty and extensive is your empire over the millions who people this ever-changing globe! Wealth and power, ye are idols set up in all public places, and who is there does not fall down before ye, abusing his high mind and immortal nature to do ye homage!

But not only was the humbled prelate greeted with words of insult and derision; stones were hurled against him, fish in a decayed state, and other dangerous and abominable missiles. Yet he rode on with a placid countenance, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, like one in a state of utter peace with himself and all mankind; and when his armed attendants would fain have drawn their weapons to chastise these discourteous people, he rebuked

them, saying, "Nay, did not our Saviour suffer indignities and even death, and shall we scruple to undergo whatsoever it may please Him, whose servants we are, to inflict upon us?"

It is a marvel such sweetness and gentleness of demeanour did not move the hearts of these savage men to relent; but how can ye make a silken purse out of a sow's ear, or expect that a pearl of price cast before a herd of those unclean animals, will be duly valued and appreciated? At length, not having sufficiently satisfied their malice by the hurling of missiles and uttering derisive words, two of the men stepped forward, and while one seized the tail of the mule whereon Becket rode, the other with a pair of shears, caught from a tailor's board at hand, severed it close to the rump, thus depriving the poor animal of that useful, as well as ornamental appendage.

Then became the bishop exceedingly wroth, and pausing, and turning round, he thus anathematized the perpetrators of the cruel deed.

"Not for the insults ye have heaped on *my* head, O men of corrupt minds,—the windows of whose understandings are darkened, so that no ray of divine grace can illumine your benighted souls! Not for the indignities wherewith ye have this day visited *my* unworthy person, do I now curse ye; but for the injury ye have inflicted on this poor unoffending creature, in depriving it of that, which was deemed by an all-wise Creator a fit and necessary appendage. In the holy name of Him to whose especial service I have dedicated myself; by the blessed rood, whereon are depicted his mortal likeness and sufferings, and before which the prayers of all good men are offered up; in the name of the Virgin Mother, holy and immaculate; of the Divine Spirit, and of the Almighty Father; in the name of the glorious apostles, of the saints, of the noble army of martyrs, of all beatified souls, and of him who sitteth in the papal chair at Rome, whose delegate I am, and by whose authority, derived from no earthly source, do I now act, I utterly excommunicate ye from the pale of the church! I invoke a malediction on ye! Cursed shall ye be—ye and the children that are born to ye throughout all generations. A mark of the divine displeasure shall ye bear! An unholy distinction shall fall upon ye! A *tailed race* shall ye become—a mock and a by-word to the rest of mankind! Scorned, hated, and despised shall ye be *ad infinitum*, yea, for ever, and for ever, and for ever! Even for this deed, which is *malum in se*, accursed in itself, do I now say unto ye, *Anathema Maranatha!* amen, and amen!"

Having delivered this denunciation with a passionate vehemence, offering a great contrast to his former unmoved and placid demeanour, the excited prelate moved on, while the cowed Austin friars who accompanied him, and the mitre and crosier bearers, and the two white vested singing-boys, who acted as pages, with the armed lay brothers, who formed his body guard, responded in unison, "So be it! so be it!" And the deep sound swept across the river like a mournful wail, as though the genius of the place were pouring forth a lamentation at the evil about to fall on her misguided children.

"A merciful man is merciful unto his beast," saith the proverb, nor can we wonder that this act of unprovoked cruelty should have moved the arch-primate to exceeding anger; naithless the malediction he uttered, was such as to make one's hair stand on end with affright, like quills upon the fretted, or *fretful* porcupine, as we believe the before-quoted William Shakspeare hath it. It was a blessed thing to see such a patient forbearance under the insults offered to himself, and such a virtuous indignation at the grievous wrong inflicted on his faithful servant, manifested by one, who in his days of youthhood and early adolescence had

been remarkable for his pride and arrogance, and for the pleasure he took in bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other equally cruel sports and pastimes, as such conduct would seem to prove that a great and salutary change had taken place in his mind; and Becket's way of life of late had been sufficiently austere, and his demeanour sufficiently humble to encourage such a belief. Yet are we inclined shrewdly to suspect that this show of sanctity and outward humility, was but a mask assumed for the better hiding his ambitious projects, and to disarm of their suspicion and resentment the numerous enemies, stirred up against him by the power and wealth he had acquired, the reckless manner in which he had used, or rather *abused*, that power, and the lavish way in which he had applied that wealth to projects of self-aggrandisement, or squandered it on his parasites and favourites, in many instances, men utterly worthless and disreputable.

"Judge not lest ye be judged," is the Divine commandment; yet we must be allowed to express an opinion, founded on the acts of his after life, that worldly desires and passions still strove within the breast of this seemingly holy man:—that though the waters were calm to the eye, there was a vortex beneath the surface, whirling and raging, so that he was right glad when a legitimate channel was discovered whereby he might give vent to the pent-up feelings of rancour and hatred within him; else wherefore the bitterness, the intense malignity of this denunciation?

Sorely affrighted, ye may be sure, were the men of Strood at the terrible curse fulminated against them; for in those days of superstition, he on whom the thunders of the church fell, became like a blasted tree, cut off from his fellows, and deprived of all those manifestations of sympathy, and kind offices of affection, which were to him, even as the green leaves to his sylvan prototype, at once sources of nourishment and delectation. Now a priest is like another man; we judge him by his acts, and if his life be holy, so do we listen to him with reverence and edification; but if he practiseth not what he preacheth, it is *vox et præterea nihil* (a voice and nothing more). Even as the idle wind it passeth us by unheeded, or as soon forgotten, for we say, "Can men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

But *then*, those who ministered at the altars, and spake from the pulpits, however profligate might have been their lives, however weak their powers of comprehending and expounding the mysteries of religion, were looked upon by the multitude as almost superhuman, their words were oracles, to be listened to with fear and trembling, like that at Delphos, whereof the ancient writers do tell; they wrought by *fear* and not by *love*; converting the mild precepts of christianity into a code of laws, which, like that of the Athenian Draco, might well be said to have been "written in blood."

Even as beaten hounds did these men of Strood slink away to their habitations, each looking upon the other fearfully, expecting to behold the consummation of the curse in the sudden outspringing of a tail, hairy or fish-like, from some part of the person. But after awhile, no such direful consequence ensuing, they began again to assemble, and some of the boldest among them even ventured to joke upon the grotesque appearance such an appendage to the human form would have. But even while they were thus giving vent to these foolish thoughts, behold, there came one running in breathless haste, and with a countenance wherein extreme terror was depicted, he told unto them, that from between the shoulders of the brothers twain—for such they were—who had been guilty of a cruel act, there had grown out a scaly protuberance, resembling in shape, colour, and odour, the terminus of a fish, and having at the climax, or extremity, a tuft of hair, like that wherewith the tail of the unfortunate mule had been furnished.

Etsoons was the abode of these "marvels of humanity," surrounded by old and young, all anxious to obtain a view of the wonderful deformities. And now it began to be whispered, that as these twain were the principal offenders, to them alone did the words of the prelate apply; and forthwith their unpitiful brethren resolved to persecute, and drive from among them, the men on whom the shame and disgrace had fallen; thus imitating the *corvus*, or crow tribe of birds, of which it is said, that if one of their number be partly plucked of his feathers, painted white, or in any way rendered different from the rest, on him they will incontinently fall and expel him from their society, driving him forth with buffetings and much ill usage, to seek a livelihood elsewhere. Alack! that the generality of mankind should so closely resemble these despicable creatures, scorning and ill-treating those who are stricken by poverty, and other grievous visitations!

Thus was the living reproach removed from Strood, but not the memory thereof, which will remain as a stigma upon the place; yea, even to the end of time. And thus, O courteous reader! concludeth this most veracious chronicle, for which Master Lambard tells us he is indebted to Polydore Virgil. Now, had he quoted for his authority, him whose proper designation was Publius Virgilius Maro, always supposing it had been possible for this latter worthy to have known any thing of Thomas a Becket, or his times, we might have given credence to as much of the statement as pleased us, and rejected the remainder as the result of that dangerous licence in which poets are allowed to indulge; but, coming from so grave an authority, what can we do but swallow the whole, however indigestible it may prove?

What became of the two men who played this "naughtie pranke," and whether their children were similarly adorned as themselves, the chronicle saith not. We have taken great pains to visit, at fairs and other places of public resort, all exhibitions which promised a solution of this mystery. We have diligently inquired into the origin of every *tailed* specimen of humanity that hath come under our notice; but hitherto, without obtaining the desired information. We have cogitated deeply upon the question, as to whether the young ladies, with melodious voices, and long flowing hair, who sit upon rocks and lure unwary youths to destruction, and the finny gentlemen who blow conch-shells before the car of Neptune on state occasions, can be the veritable descendants of these men of Strood; the *situation* of the tail would seem to contradict this:—but it is vain to pursue the subject farther, until our means of information are more ample. Any satisfactory conclusion we are enabled to come to, shall assuredly be made public.

Now, lest the present inhabitants of Strood, for many of whom we entertain a sincere respect, should suppose us actuated by any unfriendly or malicious feelings, in recording the above remarkable *fact*, connected with the past history of the place; we beg distinctly to state it is our belief that they bear no relationship or resemblance whatever, to those piscatorial aborigines, but are altogether a much more civilized, kind-hearted, and gentle race of beings.

VOCAL MUSIC CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.

It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, is to be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that beside its salutary operation in soothing

the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been suggested to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." "The music-master of our academy," says Gardener, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informs me that he had known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing." In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three and four years of age, every thing is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and, as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and hearty by this constant exercise of the lungs." These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increase the activity and powers of the vital organs.

Musical World.

CAMP OF THE SNAKE INDIANS.

EARLY in the morning I strolled into the Snake camp. It consists of about thirty lodges or wigwams, formed generally of branches of trees tied together in a conic summit, and covered with buffalo, deer, or elk skins. Men and little children were lolling about the ground all around the wigwams, together with a heterogeneous assemblage of dogs, cats, some tame prairie wolves, and other "varmints." The dogs growled and snapped when I approached, the wolves cowered and looked cross, and the cats ran away and hid themselves in dark corners. They had not been accustomed to the face of a white man, and all the quadrupeds seemed to regard me as some monstrous production, more to be feared than loved or courted. This dislike, however, did not appear to extend to the bipeds, for many of every age and sex gathered around me, and seemed to be examining me critically in all directions. The men looked complacently at me; the women, the dear creatures, smiled upon me; and the little, naked, pot-bellied children crawled around my feet, examining the fashion of my hard shoes, and played with the long fringes of my leathern inexpressibles. But I scarcely know how to commence a description of the *tout ensemble* of the camp, or to frame a sentence which will give an adequate idea of the extreme filth and most horrific nastiness of the whole vicinity; I shall, therefore, but transiently glance at it, omitting many of the most disgusting and abominable features. Immediately as I entered the village, my olfactories were assailed by the most vile and mephitic odours, which I found to proceed chiefly from great piles of salmon entrails and garbage which were lying, festering and rotting in the sun, around the very doors of the habitations. Fish, both fresh and half-dried, were scattered all over the ground, under the feet of the dogs, wolves, and Indian children; and others which had been split were hanging on rude platforms erected within the precincts of the

camp. Some of the women were making their breakfast of the great red salmon eggs, as large as peas, and using a wooden spoon to convey them to their mouths. Occasionally also, by way of varying the repast, they would take a huge pinch of a drying fish which was lying on the ground near them. Many of the children were similarly employed; and the little imps would also have hard contests with the dogs for a favourite morsel, the former roaring and blubbing, the latter yelping and snarling, and both rolling over and over together upon the savoury soil. The whole economy of the lodges, inside and outside, was of a piece with every thing else about them, filthy beyond description; the very skins which covered the wigwams were black and stiff with rancid salmon fat; and the dresses, if dresses they may be called, of the women, were of the same colour and condition, from the same cause. These dresses are little square pieces of deer-skin, fastened with a thong around the loins, and reaching about half-way to the knees; the rest of the person is entirely naked. Some of the women had little children clinging like bull-frogs to their backs, without being fastened, and, in that situation, extracting their lactiferous sustenance from the breast, which was thrown over the shoulder. It is almost needless to say, that I did not remain long in the Snake camp; for although I had been a considerable time estranged from the abodes of luxury, and had become somewhat accustomed to at least a partial assimilation to a state of nature, yet I was not prepared for what I saw here. I never had fancied any thing so utterly abominable, and was glad to escape to a purer and more wholesome atmosphere. — *Townshend's Excursions in the Rocky Mountains, &c.*

WHAT IS DEATH?

THE laws of nature are all directed by Divine wisdom, for the purpose of preserving life and increasing happiness. Pain seems, in all cases, to precede the mutilation or destruction of those organs which are essential to vitality, and for the end of preserving them; but the mere process of dying seems to be falling into a deep slumber; and in animals, who have no fear of death dependent upon imagination, it can hardly be accompanied by very intense suffering. In the human being, moral and intellectual motives constantly operate in enhancing the fear of death, which, without these motives in a reasoning being, would probably become null, and the love of life be lost upon every slight occasion of pain or disgust; but imagination is creative with respect to both passions, which, if they exist in animals, exist independent of reason, or as instincts. Pain seems intended by an all-wise Providence, to prevent the dissolution of organs, and cannot follow their destruction. I know several instances in which the process of death has been observed, even to its termination, by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating. Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his inmates, "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die." Dr. Black, worn out by age and a disposition to pulmonary hemorrhage, which obliged him to live very low, while eating his customary meal of bread and milk, fell asleep, and died in so tranquil a manner, that he had not even spilt the contents of the spoon which he held in his hand. And the late Sir Charles Blagden, while at a special meal with his friends, Monsieur and Madame Berthallet and Guy-Lussac, died in his chair so quietly, that not a drop of coffee in the cup which he held in his hand was spilt. — *Sir Humphry Davy.*

LETTER-WRITING.

ONE of the most innocent and exquisite pleasures of this life is that of hearing from an absent friend. When we are suddenly reminded, by a letter, of one who is dear to us, and see our name in the well-known hand on the direction, a flash of delight pervades the whole frame; the heart beats with expectation, while the seal is being broken, and, as the sheet is unfolded, goes forth in full benevolence to meet the heart of the writer in the perusal of its contents. An epistolary correspondence between intimate and endeared connexions is a spiritual communion, in which minds alone seem to mingle, and, unembarrassed by the bodily presence, converse with a freedom, and fervour, and an eloquence rarely excited, and, perhaps, never more felicitously indulged in personal intercourse. Hence the chief charm of a letter, if the term may be so applied, is its individuality, as a message from one whom we love or esteem, according to the degree of kin or congeniality between us, sent expressly on an errand of kindness to ourselves. The consciousness that it was written to and for him, gives the receiver a paramount interest in its existence, as well as in its disclosures. To him, therefore, it becomes an object of affection; and none but himself, however some others may sympathise with the feelings, can enter into it with the same degree of ineffable emotion: that, indeed, is "a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not." In letter-writing, when the heart is earnestly engaged, the first thoughts in the first words are usually the best; for it is thoughts, not words, that are to be communicated; and meaning, not manner, which is mainly to be aimed at. The ideas that rise, and thicken as they rise, in a mind full and overflowing with its subject, voluntarily embody themselves in language the most easy and appropriate; yet are they so delicate and evanescent, that unless caught in the first forms, they soon lose their character and distinctness, blend with each other, and from being strikingly simple in succession, become inextricably complex in association, on account of their multiplicity and affinity. The thoughts that occur in letter-writing will not stay to be questioned; they must be taken at their word, or instantly dismissed. They are like odours from "a bank of violets"—a breath—and away. He that would revel on the fragrance, by scenting it hard and long, will feel that its deliciousness has eluded him; he may taste it again and again, and for a moment, but he might as well attempt to catch the rainbow, and hold it, as long to inhale and detain the subtle and volatile sweetness. He who once hesitates amidst the flow of fresh feelings and their spontaneous expression, becomes unawares bewildered; and must either resolutely disengage himself by darting right forward through the throng of materials, to recover the freedom of his pen, or he must patiently select, arrange, and array them, as in a premeditated exercise of his mind on a given theme.—*Montgomery.*

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

A YOUNG man of fortune, who had led what is called so gay a life, as considerably to injure both his health and fortune, was at length obliged to consult the physician upon the means of restoring at least the former. One of his principal complaints was, the frequent presence of a set of apparitions, resembling a band of figures dressed in green, who performed in his drawing room a singular dance, to which he was compelled to bear witness; though he knew to his great annoyance, that the whole *corps de ballet* existed only in his own imagination. His physician

immediately informed him, that he had lived upon town too fast and too long not to require an exchange to a more healthy and natural course of life. He therefore prescribed a gentle course of medicine, but earnestly recommended to his patient to retire to his own house in the country, observe a temperate diet and early hours, practising regular exercise, on the same principle avoiding fatigue; and assured him, that by doing so, he might bid adieu to black spirits and white, blue, green and grey, with all their trumpery. The patient observed the advice, and prospered. His physician, after the interval of a month, received a grateful letter from him, acknowledging the success of his regimen. The green goblins had disappeared, and with them the unpleasant train of emotions to which their visits had given rise, and the patient had ordered his town-house to be disfurnished and sold, while the furniture was to be sent down to his residence in the country, where he was determined in future to spend his life, without exposing himself to the temptations of town. One would have supposed this a well-devised scheme for health. But, alas! no sooner had the furniture of the London drawing-room been placed in order in the gallery of the old manor-house, than the former delusion returned in full force!—the green *figurantes*, whom the patient's depraved imagination had so long associated with these moveables, came capering and frisking to accompany them, exclaiming with great glee, as if the sufferer should have been rejoiced to see them—"Here we all are! here we all are!" The visionary, if I recollect right, was so much shocked at their appearance, that he retired abroad, in despair that any part of Britain could shelter him from the daily persecution of this domestic ballet.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

AMONG the worthies of the village, that enjoy the peculiar confidence of Master Simon, is one who has struck my fancy so much, that I have thought him worthy of a separate notice. It is Slingsby, the schoolmaster, a thin elderly man, rather threadbare and slovenly, somewhat indolent in manner, and with an easy good-humoured look, not often met with in his craft. I have been interested in his favour by a few anecdotes which I have picked up concerning him.

He is a native of the village, and was a contemporary and playmate of Ready-money Jack in the days of their boyhood. Indeed, they carried on a kind of league of mutual good offices. Slingsby was rather puny, and withal somewhat of a coward, but very apt at his learning; Jack, on the contrary, was a bully-boy out of doors, but a sad laggard at his books. Slingsby helped Jack, therefore, to all his lessons; Jack fought all Slingsby's battles; and they were inseparable friends. This mutual kindness continued even after they left the school, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their characters. Jack took to ploughing and reaping, and prepared himself to till his paternal acres; while the other loitered negligently on in the path of learning, until he penetrated even into the confines of Latin and mathematics.

In an unlucky hour, however, he took to reading voyages and travels, and was smitten with a desire to see the world. This desire increased upon him as he grew up; so, early one bright summer's morning, he put his effects into a knapsack, slung it on his back, took staff in hand, and called in his way to take leave of his early schoolmate. Jack was just going out with the plough: the friends shook hands over the farmhouse gate; Jack drove his team afield, and Slingsby whistled 'over the hills and far away,' and sallied forth gaily to 'seek his fortune.'

Years and years passed by, and young Tom Slingsby was forgotten; when, one mellow Sunday afternoon in autumn, a thin man, somewhat advanced in life, with a coat out at elbows, a pair of old nankeen gaiters, and a few things tied in a handkerchief and slung on the end of a stick, was seen loitering through the village. He appeared to regard several houses attentively, to peer into the windows that were open, to eye the villagers wistfully as they returned from church, and then to pass some time in the churchyard, reading the tombstones.

At length he found his way to the farm-house of Ready-money Jack; but paused ere he attempted the wicket, contemplating the picture of substantial independence before him. In the porch of the house sat Ready-money Jack, in his Sunday dress; with his hat upon his head, his pipe in his mouth, and his tankard before him, the monarch of all he surveyed. Beside him lay his fat house-dog. The varied sounds of poultry were heard from the well-stocked farm-yard; the bees hummed from their hives in the garden; the cattle lowed in the rich meadow; while the crammed barns and ample stacks bore proof of an abundant harvest.

The stranger opened the gate and advanced dubiously towards the house. The mastiff growled at the sight of the suspicious-looking intruder, but was immediately silenced by his master, who, taking his pipe from his mouth, awaited with inquiring aspect the address of this equivocal personage. The stranger eyed old Jack for a moment, so portly in his dimensions, and decked out in gorgeous apparel; then cast a glance upon his own threadbare and starveling condition, and the scanty bundle which he held in his hand; then giving his shrunk waistcoat a twitch to make it meet his receding waistband, and casting another look, half sad, half humorous, at the sturdy yeoman, 'I suppose,' said he, 'Mr. Tibbets, you have forgot old times and old playmates?'

The latter gazed at him with scrutinizing look, but acknowledged that he had no recollection of him.

'Like enough, like enough,' said the stranger, 'every body seems to have forgotten poor Slingsby!'

'Why, no sure! it can't be Tom Slingsby!'

'Yes, but it is, though!' replied the stranger, shaking his head.

Ready-money Jack was on his feet in a twinkling; thrust out his hand, gave his ancient crony the gripe of a giant, and slapping the other hand on a bench, 'Sit down there,' cried he, 'Tom Slingsby!'

A long conversation ensued about old times, while Slingsby was regaled with the best cheer that the farm-house afforded; for he was hungry as well as way-worn, and had the keen appetite of a poor pedestrian. The early playmates then talked over their subsequent lives and adventures. Jack had but little to relate, and was never good at a long story. A prosperous life, passed at home, has little incident for narrative; it is only poor wretches, that are tossed about the world, that are the true heroes of story. Jack had stuck by the paternal farm, followed the same plough that his forefathers had driven, and had waxed richer and richer as he grew older. As to Slingsby, he was an exemplification of the old proverb, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.' He had sought his fortune about the world, without ever finding it, being a thing oftener found at home than abroad. He had been in all kinds of situations, and had learnt a dozen different modes of making a living, but had found his way back to his native village rather poorer than when he left it, his knapsack having dwindled down to a scanty bundle.

As luck would have it, the squire was passing by the farm-house that very evening, and called there, as is often his custom. He found the two schoolmates still gossiping

in the porch, and according to the good old Scottish song, 'taking a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.' The squire was struck by the contrast in appearance and fortunes of these early playmates. Ready-money Jack seated, in lordly state, surrounded by the good things of this life, with golden guineas hanging to his very watch-chain, and the poor pilgrim Slingsby, thin as a weasel, with all his worldly effects, his bundle, hat, and walking-staff, lying on the ground beside him.

The good squire's heart warmed towards the luckless cosmopolite, for he is a little prone to like such half-vagrant characters. He cast about in his mind how he should contrive once more to anchor Slingsby in his native village. Honest Jack had already offered him a present shelter under his roof, in spite of the hints, and winks, and half remonstrances of the shrewd Dame Tibbets; but how to provide for his permanent maintenance was the question. Luckily, the squire bethought himself that the village school was without a teacher. A little further conversation convinced him that Slingsby was as fit for that as for anything else, and in a day or two he was seen swaying the rod of empire in the very school-house where he has often been horsed in the days of his boyhood.

Here he has remained for several years, and, being honoured by the countenance of the squire, and the fast friendship of Mr. Tibbets, he has grown into much importance and consideration in the village. I am told, however, that he still shows now and then a degree of restlessness, and a disposition to rove abroad again, and see a little more of the world; an inclination which seems particularly to haunt him about spring time. There is nothing so difficult to conquer as the vagrant humour, when once it has been fully indulged.

Since I have heard these anecdotes of poor Slingsby, I have more than once mused upon the picture presented by him and his schoolmate, Ready-money Jack, on their coming together again after so long a separation. It is difficult to determine between lots in life, where each is attended with its peculiar discontents. He who never leaves his home repines at his monotonous existence, and envies the traveller, whose life is a constant tissue of wonder and adventure; while he who is tossed about the world looks back with many a sigh to the safe and quiet shore which he has abandoned. I cannot help thinking, however, that the man that stays at home, and cultivates the comforts and pleasures daily springing up around him, stands the best chance for happiness. There is nothing so fascinating to a young mind as the idea of travelling; and there is very witchcraft in the old phrase found in every nursery tale, of 'going to seek one's fortune.' A continual change of place, and change of object, promises a continual succession of adventure and gratification of curiosity. But there is a limit to all our enjoyments, and every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle. He who has sallied forth into the world, like poor Slingsby, full of sunny anticipations, finds too soon how different the distant scene becomes when visited. The smooth place roughens as he approaches; the wild place becomes tame and barren; the fairy tints that beguiled him on, still fly to the distant hill, or gather upon the land he has left behind, and every part of the landscape seems greener than the spot he stands on.

BUMPER.—When the English were Catholics, they usually drank the Pope's health, after dinner, in a full glass, *To the good Father (Au bon Pere)*—whence, by an easy corruption, comes our word *bumper*.—*Grose's Dictionary.*

POETRY.

"A GOVERNESS WANTED."

BY MRS. ADDY.

Our governess left us, dear brother,
 Last night, in a strange fit of pique—
 Will you kindly seek out for another?
 We want her at latest, next week:
 But I'll give you a few plain credentials,
 The bargain with speed to complete;
 Take a pen—just set down the essentials,
 And begin at the top of the sheet!

She must answer all queries directly,
 All sciences well understand—
 Paint in oils, sketch from nature correctly,
 And write German text and short-hand:
 She must sing with power, science, and sweetness,
 Yet for concerts must not sigh at all—
 She must dance with ethereal fleetness,
 Yet never must go to a ball.

She must not have needy relations;
 Her dress must be tasteful, yet plain;
 Her discourse must abound in quotations;
 Her memory all dates must retain;
 She must point out each author's chief beauties;
 She must manage dull natures with skill;
 Her pleasures must lie in her duties;
 She must never be nervous or ill!

If she writes essays, odes, themes, and sonnets,
 Yet be not pedantic or pert;
 If she wear none but deep cottage bonnets;
 If she deem it high treason to flirt;
 If to mildness she add sense and spirit,—
 Engage her at once without fear;—
 I love to reward modest merit,
 And I give—*twenty guineas a year!*

SECRET LOVE.

Why do I thus unconscious start
 Each time my fair one meets my eye?
 Why flutters thus my rebel heart
 So wildly, while she passes by?

Why is it that my lips deny
 To breathe the wish my bosom feels,
 While every blush, and every sigh,
 The secret of my love reveals?

Ah! who shall bid that heart be still,
 Whose chords are struck by Nature's hand;
 Or who with power shall arm the will
 O'er passion still to hold command!

Yet, if her looks the truth express,
 I have not cause to languish so;
 For these declare she loves not less,
 But fears, like me, her love to show.

And does she love me?—then my soul
 To her shall ever fondly cling;
 Nor fortune's, pleasure's, fate's control,
 To this resolve a change shall bring.

'Tis thus the mirror,—should its eye
 One single image chance to fill,
 Though all the world were standing by,
 Would but reflect that image still!

VARIETIES.

THE RIVER SEVERN.—The name of the English river Severn means "Northern." The word is completely unaltered and preserved in the Russian language.—*Booth's Analytical Dictionary.*

MODE OF INCREASING THE GROWTH OF POTATOES.—The flowers being cut off as they appeared on the plants, the number of potatoes produced was much greater than where the blossoms had remained untouched. Early in October, the stems and leaves of the plants which had not borne flowers were strong and green; the others yellow, and in a state of decay. The plants which had been stripped of flowers, produced (on the same space of ground,) about four times the weight of large potatoes; very few small ones being found. Those on which flowers and fruit had been left, produced but a small number of middling-sized potatoes, with a great number of small ones, from the size of a common filbert to that of a walnut.

BLUE STOCKINGS.—The appellation of "Blue-socking" is understood to have originated in the dress of old Benjamin Stillingfleet (grandson of the bishop), as he used to appear at the parties of Mrs. Montagu, in Portman-square, London. He was jilted by a mistress, to whose remembrance he remained faithful; and in spite of a disappointment which he then deeply felt, remained to the last one of the most amiable of men and entertaining of companions. Mr. Stillingfleet almost always wore blue worsted stockings; and whenever he was absent from Mrs. Montagu's evening parties, as his conversation was very entertaining, the company used to say, "We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*," and by degrees the assemblies were called "*blue-socking clubs*," and learned people *blue-sockings*.

SENSITIVE NATURE OF VOLTAIRE'S MIND.—It is asserted by his biographers, that on every anniversary of the massacre of St. Barthélemy, Voltaire was seized with an involuntary shudder, which always brought on a periodical fever of four-and-twenty hours' duration; so great was the impression the idea of that horrible butchery had made on his mind. "This," wrote the Marquis de Vilette to Madame de Villevreille, in 1777, "is a fact which hitherto I had obstinately disbelieved, but which I now attest, and which Voltaire's establishment has witnessed for the last five-and-twenty years."

A LITERARY TASTE FAVOURABLE TO VIRTUE.—An attachment to literary pursuits—a desire for the acquisition of knowledge in general, will, for the most part, be found to co-exist with a virtuous turn of mind. Every species of literary, as distinguished from scientific composition, is directly or indirectly didactic; for though vice may be propagated by books as well as virtue, there is no branch of literature of which this is the nature, though it may be the perversion; and he who has a relish for immoral productions, has not a taste for literature (any more than a merchant, in calculating his profits, has a turn for mathematics) but merely for literature so far as it is a means of pampering his debased propensities. A taste for literature, then, is in general a taste for the lessons of virtue.

FUSELI AND SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—In Allan Cunningham's life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, is a curious passage relating to Fuseli—"When he first saw my Satan," remarks Lawrence, "he was nettled, and said, 'You borrowed the idea from me.'—In truth, I did take the idea from you," I replied; but it was from your person, not from your painting-room.—When we were all assembled at Stockport in Cheshire, you may remember how you stood on the high rock which overlooks the bay of Bristol, and gazed down upon the sea which rolled so magnificently below. You were in rapture; and while you were crying—Grand! grand! how grand! how terrific! you put yourself in a wild posture. I thought on the devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at the time: here it is—my Satan's posture now, was yours then."

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